



That Girl



61 1 3

Chapter 1 by Lily

The year is 1812. In England, they are desparing their loss to us-the Americans, with the help of our great ally France of course. Now that we have won, there are many people left without homes and missing their men. Whether it be husbands, brothers, or fathers, at least one in every three people have lost one of the greatest people in the world. I am a part of that 1 out of three. My name is Lindsay Trinkett. My dear husband left us to captain one of the U.S's greatest ships. He fought furiously and ended up paying the price for it. Unfortunately, he was not the only one who had to. I am now a widow who is carrying that man's unborn child. Because my late husband was one of the greatest captain's in the Navy, for the time being I will have no financial necessities. But, on the other hand, who shall I find to help me care for our child? Who will work so that we may eat? All of these are questions I must find an answer too. And they must be answered in the next two months, because that is when the baby will be due for birth.

Chapter 2 by Laurie



I look out the window of our cozy home at the foot of the Pennsylvanian wooded hills. My lower back whimpers for relief from supporting my unborn child. My breasts ache, and my head longs for slumber. My eyes sweep over our raided garden. Briefly I rest my forehead against the cool pane of glass and shut my eyes.

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for meat, I know that I will have very little food to put up for the winter. My unborn babe gives and quick kick and turns in my belly. I gently rub my hand over my swollen belly. I will have to make some decisions soon.

I can always go home to my family. They will house me and the baby. However, I will have to turn my back on my beliefs and work for woman's voice. I briefly shudder at this thought. What kind of world will my child grow up in if women aren't heard? If liquor is available to all? The vision of the Quaker settlement flashes through my head. They would take me in, but the move west while great with child was dangerous. The unknown life this promised would support my views, but was it worth it? Finally, my dream of turning this little home into an inn tugged at my heart. I really didn't want to leave this home. I could stay here, provide welcome to guests, and maintain my political work. However, the upcoming winter, birth, and the immediate need for food drew a dark shadow over this dream.

I sigh, rub my belly, whisper a prayer, and return to my chores.

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